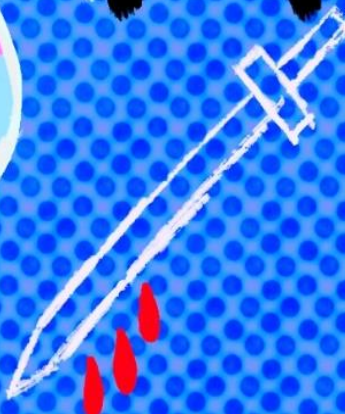
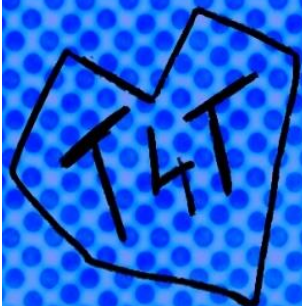


FVCK  
THE  
SYSTEM

# TRANS MTSC DIARIES





Howdy!

I just want to say a big thank you to everyone who has submitted their work and taken an interest in this zine! It's an honour to have your work in this series. It's heart-warming to have such a big selection of trans masc artists and to see the talent that flows through our community.



*Handsome (left) and Shaved (right) by Shia Conlon (he/him), analogue photography, 2020*

Shia Conlon is an artist currently based in Helsinki. Much of his work has been centred around marginalised voices and about growing up in the landscape of working class Catholic Ireland.

Website: [www.shiaconlon.com](http://www.shiaconlon.com)

Instagram: @shiaconlon



Bugz 4 Brainz, picsart and old magazines, 2021 by Irot





*Two Girls, collage, 2021 by Irot*

“I create art that encompasses my inability to express without overcomplication, I keep my gender as a common theme to critique that revolting the binary is still binary and often feels inescapable. Art is my place to dive into queer expression without gendered restraints”

Instagram: @Giallo\_photographs and @CorruptModernity



*Caleb Bauer, Trans Masc Angel, marker, paint and digital, 2021*

“To me, trans bodies are angelic. I wanted to attach an ethereal feeling to this piece and reflect the serenity and power in overcoming dysphoria. I additionally used the trans colours to emphasise that this is a trans body and accepted nonetheless.”

Instagram: calebauer

no one said my name right  
it was awkward  
and fat on their tongues  
it sat uncomfortably in the air  
and hovered over my shoulders

they didn't say it right  
and it bit me when I tried to reach out  
to touch it  
it set off car alarms and broke windows  
when they said it

consider the meaning of floating  
drifting with no name  
no body  
nobody gets it right

it starts in the backs of their throats  
and claws its way out to steal breaths  
from me and I do not recognize  
the sounds it makes

they'll learn to say it right  
someday they will  
they'll learn how it flows out with  
enough power to knock out their teeth  
they'll learn that it bursts out and hugs me  
and that I am no longer a nameless void

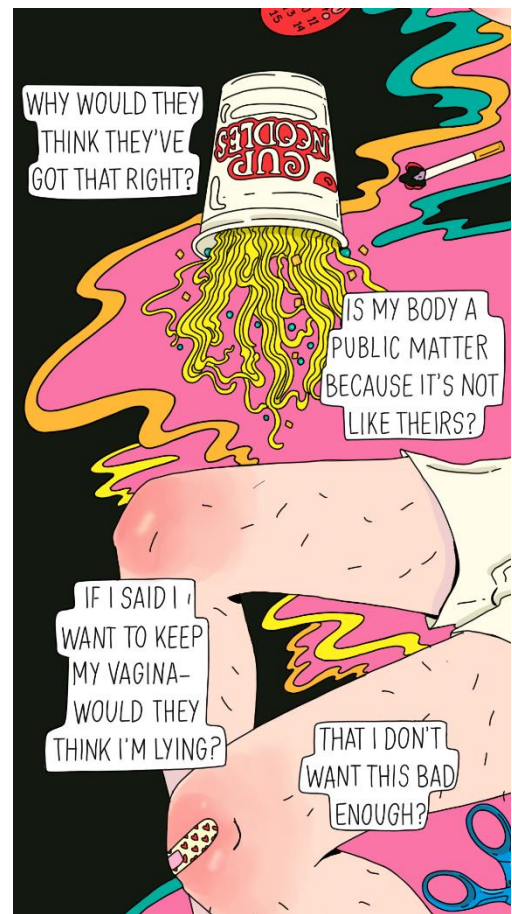
*Elliot Dean (he/they), How You Say It, poetry, 2021*

“As someone who has very recently come out as trans, it was very important to me to find a name that fit me. My deadname sounded wrong to me, and this poem was born out of that anger and frustration. It also came from a hope that someday I'll be able to hear my real name, and it will feel right.”

Instagram: @elliotdeanart







### *Close ups of Body*

“My work aims to explore what it means to be a transgender person; to ponder around the love, pain, happiness and obstacles that come with it. Through comics, I attempt to claim what belongs to me: the name I’ve assigned myself, the respect that has been taken from me, the image I project on my body. It seeks to offer, through self-reference, a sensitive look at the emotional journey that surrounds hormonal replacement, name change, self-recognition, the rage of discrimination and the new relationships that are built with those around you.”

Instagram: @anyredsun

Behance: [www.behance.net/anyredsun](http://www.behance.net/anyredsun)

You're sitting just across the table  
And I can't even look at you  
You try involving me in the conversation  
I give you non-committal one-syllables

You speak so effortlessly  
There's no need to squash your syllables in the back of your throat

Your shirt hangs loose over your chest  
And you don't need to adjust it  
Pull it forwards, pull it backwards  
Hunch your shoulders and erase your torso

There's a shadow of stubble on your chin  
I wonder when you last shaved

You take off your shirt  
Expose stretches of pure skin  
I wait for the nylon-spandex-cotton  
But it doesn't come

There's just  
Skin

*Quinn Brown (he/him), Seeing Him, poetry, 2020*

"This is a piece about the overwhelming sense of envy that I experience when seeing the ease cisgender men have in their bodies. Most days feel like a battle between myself and the body I was born into, and it is difficult to fight off the feeling that I was 'born wrong' and need to be 'fixed' with medication and surgery to conform to an acceptable masculinity. I can't help but feel jealous of people who don't have to experience this."



You rest your stone fingers  
In my open palms  
And I see your nails  
Jagged like ocean rocks  
Bitten by maggot teeth  
Down to concrete nailbeds  
Those hands were never capable  
Of a great kindness  
And I know this is the first time  
That words have failed you

I think I've seen men  
Like you before  
So I give my own tongue  
Permission to move in a familiar rhythm  
And hope that I've guessed correctly

You open your opal eyes  
And let the rainwater fall  
It traces a certain kindness  
Down the ridges of your body  
And the peeling rock drinks  
Greedy and desperate  
Until moss covers your knuckles  
And I know  
You are not done growing

*Quinn Brown (he/him), Shared Stories, Poetry, 2020*

"This is a piece about finding solidarity and comfort in the shared stories and trauma that binds the LGBTQIA+ community together. It is an homage to all the people whose stories helped me find myself and contains a hope that I will be able to contribute to safe spaces for young queer folk to find themselves."

Instagram: @quinn.tinn\_



Jay Wood (he/him), *Transforeman: More Than Meets the Eye*, acrylic, ink, posca pen and collage on canvas, 2021

“Transforeman is the boss of his own transition. He decides how he shows up in the world. His tool belt is empty, waiting to be filled with just the right accessory for the day. Transforeman is not bound by traditional gender expectations. Transforeman can be whoever he wants. He is here. He is queer. He is ready.”

Instagram: @jaywoodartist





Finn Harper Gebetsberger (he/him), *The Hopeful Future of a Trans Man*, digital collage, 2020

"The collage shows me as a little child, looking up to a masculine body, one I do not have yet but I wish deeply for. As a child I never doubted my gender, I felt free to express myself however I wanted and was thankful for that. As I grew older, I figured out that I truly am a man, and have been expressing myself freely again for a year now while still being in the process of coming out and hoping to medically transition soon. My artwork shows the harsh reality I face as a trans person, while it also portrays the fascination and joy of figuring out who you really are. Discomfort will fade into the background while our reality becomes more and more congruent with the vision, we have of ourselves."

Instagram: @cumulusregen



Dendro (he/they/it), My Body, digital illustration, 2020





Dendro (he/they/it), Perception, digital illustration, 2021

"My name is Dendro and I am a 21 year old, chronically ill, queer and trans freelance illustrator from Oxford, UK. My art is primarily created digitally but I do have an interest in most mediums, especially sculpture and traditional painting. My art focuses on trans people and their lives, unique experiences, and beauty. Being trans is a huge part of who I am as a person and it shapes everything I do, including my artwork."

Instagram: @dendromancy

Store: [www.alexcostinphotography.com](http://www.alexcostinphotography.com)



Kirsty O'Rourke (they/them), *It All Feels A Bit Public Sometimes*, collage, crayon, coloured pencils and markers, 2021

"I am an illustrator and occasional animator based in England. I like to make playful, silly and introspective art about the things around me. Transness continues to be a presence in my work as I explore the complicated feelings of transitioning with an audience, whether it's online viewers or real-life relationships."

Instagram: @kirstyorourheart

Store: [www.kirstyorourke.com](http://www.kirstyorourke.com)



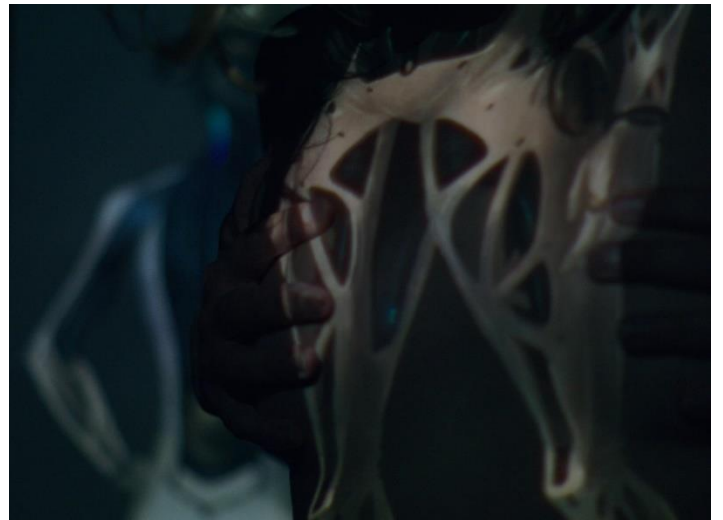
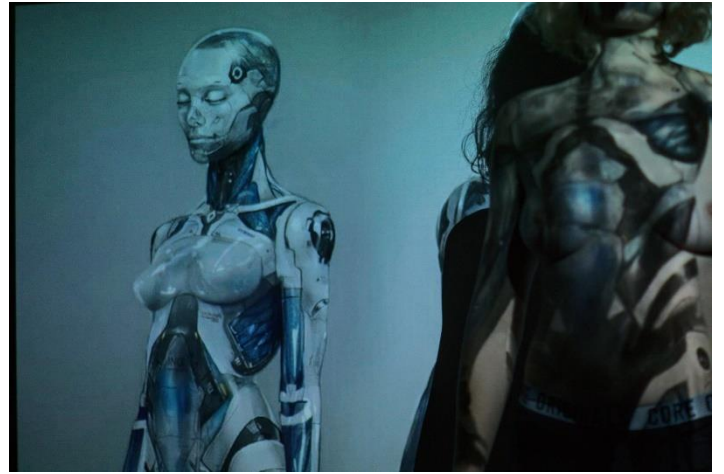
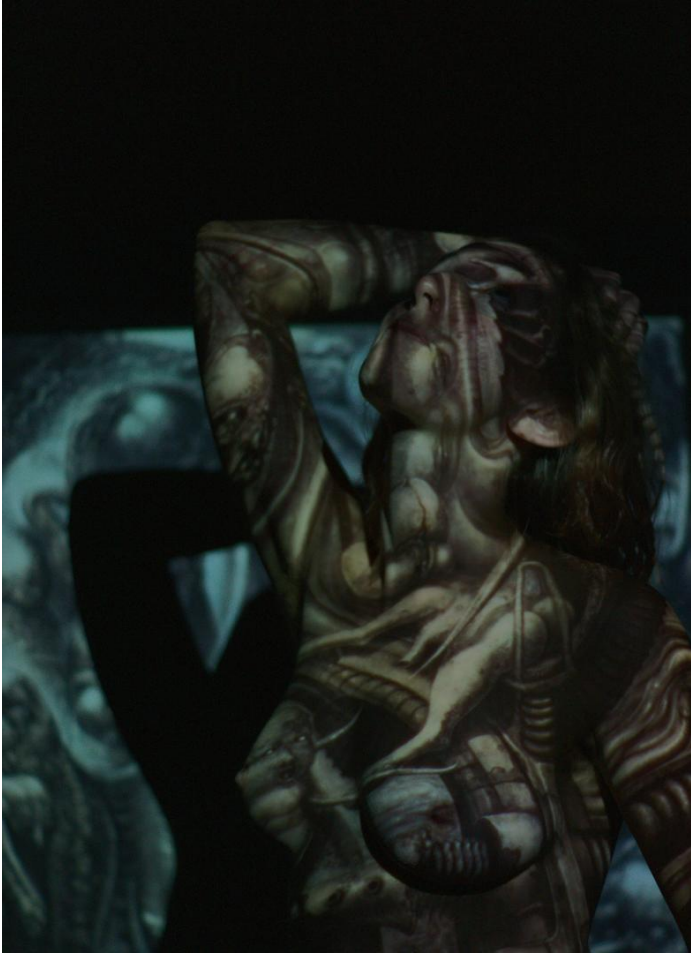
*Raz Caron (he/him), HRT-Scamp, digital illustration, 2020*

“There’s this furious fixation that I have with gutters. They don’t have to be pits of waste; they can be beautiful too. Scarred lighters with faded decals, or perhaps a floppy stuffed toy tattooed with the crust of the street, both sleeping drunk while nomadic syringes pogo underfoot. Removing overworld expectations, the scrappy inhabitants of the gutter are charming in their imperfections, and rich in narrative. The personality is what I embrace through cheeky iconography, tied together with my slimy thread, derivative slang and dysmorphic figures. I view my work as a celebration of authentic existence, through resistance, by emphasizing the reclaimed euphoria in the odd, the crass and the nasty.”

Instagram: [raz.nasty.art](https://www.instagram.com/raz.nasty.art)

Twitter: [RazNasty](https://twitter.com/RazNasty)





*Bug Dickson (they/them), Louise Fleur-de-Sel (photographer), Robots, digital photography and projector, 2020*

“The robots series, projecting science-fiction artwork over my body, is a way to express the otherness I feel as a non-binary person. I strongly identify with non-human characters, especially robots, and seeing my body as a construct rather than gendered flesh and bones is somehow reassuring. What if I didn’t have a chest? What if I had configurable body parts? What if I could switch myself off to avoid draining my battery? Robots ma sometimes be unnecessarily gendered, but I still I weren’t.”

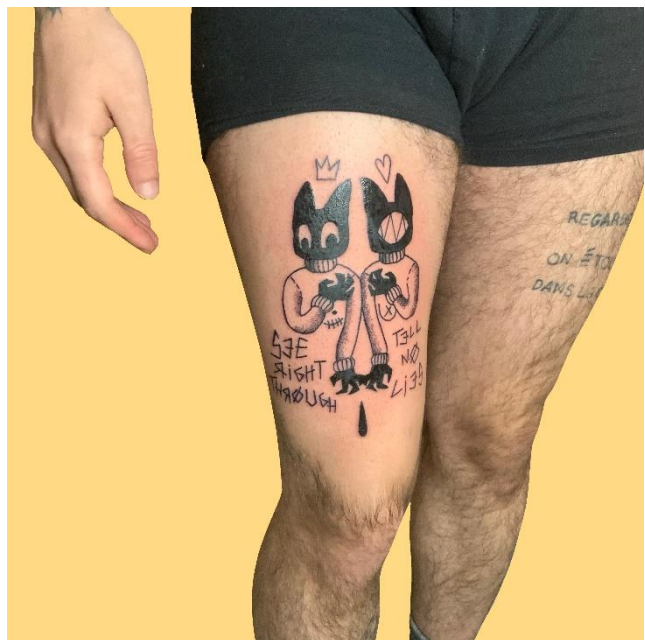
Instagram: bug\_\_lightyear (double underscore) and lou\_des\_photos



Johnny Anger (he/him), *SelfMade Man*, digital illustration, 2021

“I’m an illustrator, and comic artist with a heavy emphasis on people. Namely, how men interact with one another, and how me interact with themselves. As a comic artist, my work has always been based in stories, and I’d like to tell those stories about people that are like me – complicated, not perfect, masculine in a way shaped outside of society, and loving other men made from their own relationship to gender. This piece is a self-portrait about the experience of existing as a trans man under societal pressure, and choosing to keep going under fire – prepared to defend oneself, but not defined by fear. Just living.”

Tumblr, twitter and instagram: jxthics



Loop, *CRIMINAL QUEER*, serigraphy on paper, 2021 and *See Right Through/Tell No Lies*, black ink on skin using rotary machine 2021

“My name is Loop, I am a trans masc tattoo artists from Paris’ suburbs. Transitioning has changed my way of viewing the world and depicting it. I tattoo and draw for trans people amongst the masses, drawing about subjects such as class struggle and queer bodies for example. I draw to ease my mind and moreover, for everyone that feels left out. Outsiders we are, and we won’t back down.”

Instagram: Loop\_ttt

Twitter: LoopTempura

Tipeee: looptempura





*Adam (they/them), (F)Lovers, cyanotype and Birth of Venuša, 2021*

*"In my work I draw queer bodies, often based on my queer friends, sometimes on my fantasies of how humans could be. If we were free to just be. I'm also inspired by organic shapes and structures, and ways to use them as symbols or metaphors. My work can be described as naïve or even decadent and I accept both."*

*Instagram and Tumblr: amoebadam*



*Glitter Trender (in drag), any pronouns and Finn (out of drag), he/him, Untitle, theatrical make up and my own self, 2021*

“Glitzzy trender is a trans masc drag shapeshifter with a love for western and clown aesthetic heavily inspired by queer cowboys and their own transition.”

Instagram: glitzzytrander



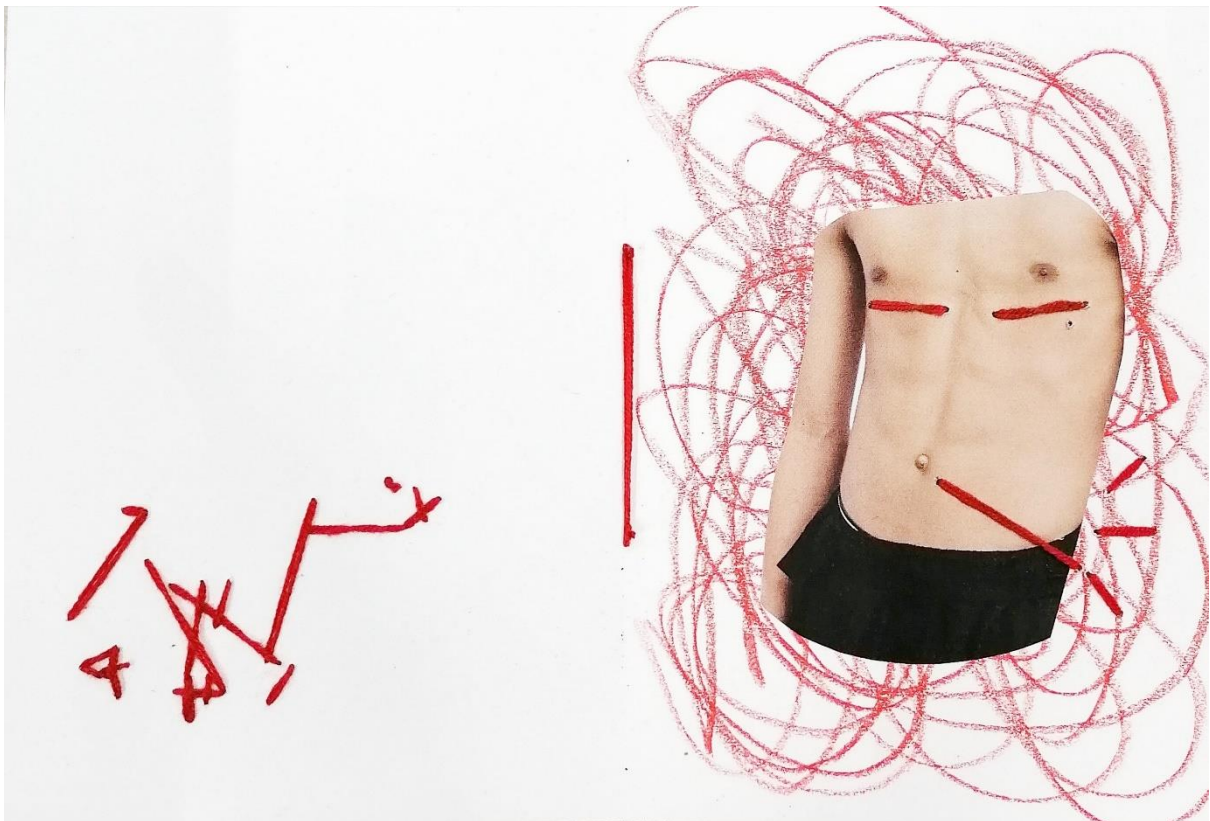
*Amber (they/them), Bois Bleed / We Bleed, menstrual blood and Calvin Kleins, 2021*

“Amber is a non-binary artist based in Manchester, working primarily in video and performance art. Their work is an exploration into gender dysphoria, anxiety, sex and the body from a perspective of embracing the repulsive and turning deep-rooted discomfort into catharsis. Through disgusting and sometimes violent performances and use of food, fluids, props and glitter, Amber seeks to exorcise negative emotions of destructive impulses and channel them into something productive, comforting, entertaining and a little bit fleshy. They take inspiration from the goth and industrial subcultures, using screeching electronic sound and grungy guitar to add to the visuals, as well as horror movies, and performances as a queer art form.”

Instagram: [aswinburne\\_](https://www.instagram.com/aswinburne_)

Vimeo: [vimeo.com/aswinburne](https://vimeo.com/aswinburne)





Robin "Rusty" Felix, Jitters, thread, pencil and collage, 2021

"Robin "Rusty" Felix is an art student currently based in Bath, who's work primarily focuses on deconstructing the everyday guff and gubbin, making a statement and everything queer. His piece Jitters shows both the linear idea and the more jumbled reality of (his trans) masculinity."

Instagram: [r.ustyart](https://www.instagram.com/r.ustyart)

Email: [rustyARTcontact@gmail.com](mailto:rustyARTcontact@gmail.com)



*Felix (he/it),*

“I made this piece about being an impressionable young trans man who’s only information came from transmed youtubers and is now learning to love his transness and be able to explore femininity and push the gender boundaries after invalidating himself for so long.”

Instagram: [quearo\\_](#)



Samuel Luke (he/him), *Same*, digital illustration, 2021

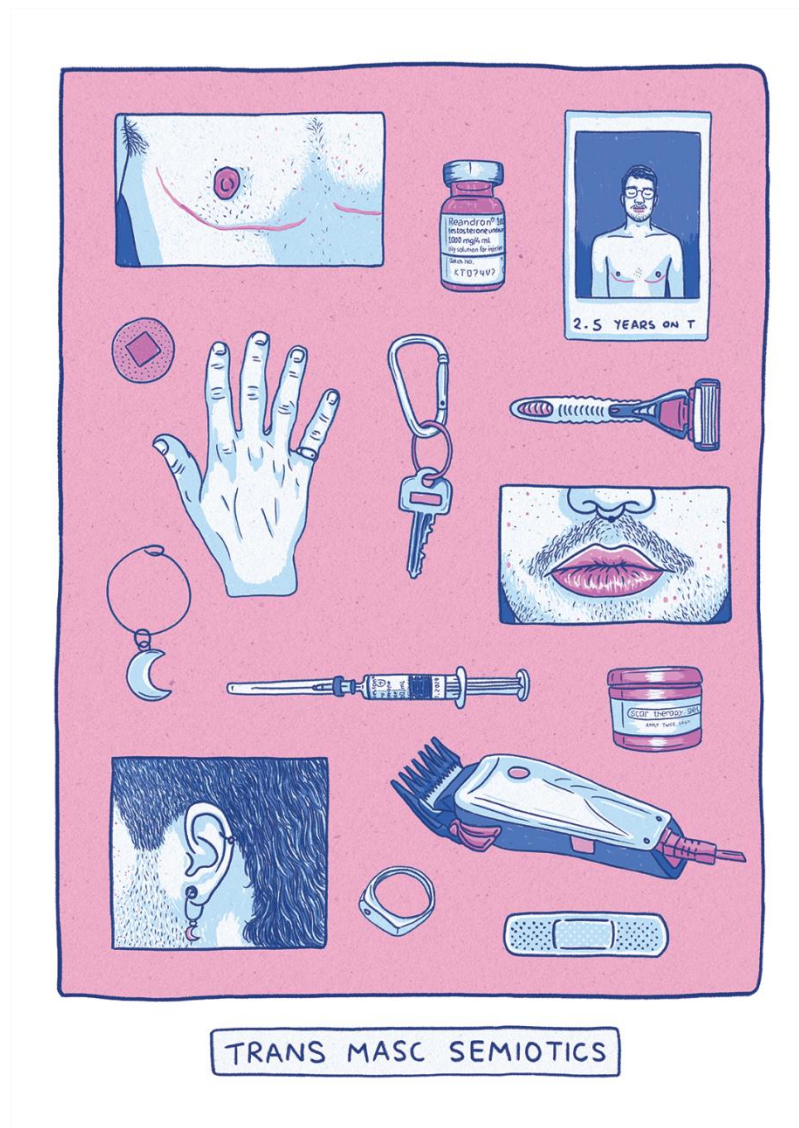
"This illustration is a revisit of a drawing Samuel created in 2019, called 'Inside/Outside', about a pivotal time in his transition, (and in moments of gender euphoria), when his outside matching his inside. In this updated print, Samuel gets in touch with two previous versions of himself; pre medical transition, and his childhood self. Two very different moments in his life, but are crucial points of transition in a way his body has moved through time. He merges these selves with his current body, 3 years on testosterone, and 2.5 years post top surgery. The three bodies overlap, intertwine, and all embody Samuel. It's surreal to look back on how his body has taken on different appearances, yet it is the same vessel holding all of these memories within it. He finally feels at home in his body again, now that his flat chest has returned to him."





Samuel Luke (he/him), *Gay Boy: Wanting More*, digital illustration, 2021

"This illustration is page 8 from 'Gay Boy', Samuel's first comic addressing his sexuality as a gay trans man. This page confronts Samuel's deep fear of not feeling enough, compared to cis gay men, because of his lack of a cis penis. The text in the illustration is placed so the viewers eyes travel over Samuel's body, across his top surgery scars, and then between his legs. It is the most private and most empowering image Samuel has drawn of himself to this day. But his empty underwear doesn't make him any less of a man. The text also reflects time when Samuel was coming to terms with being trans, feeling so out of place, and had no idea how to fit into the expectations of being a gay man... And then one day, into the arms of another gay man... It still feels so foreign to him."



Samuel Luke (he/him), *Trans Masc Semiotics*, digital illustration, 2021

“This illustration showcases a collection of items, body parts and objects that Samuel feels represents his trans masculine experience. This work was inspired by Hal Fischer’s “Gay Semiotics” photo series on gay symbols and street fashion (1977-1979). Fischer’s series explored how certain fashion choices and items were signifiers for underground gay subculture, as a way of connecting to other gay people. As a gay trans man, Samuel feels connected to traditionally ‘gay’ symbols like keys on a belt, one earring, and even moustaches. But he has adopted and adapted them to his own trans masculine experience. These items are all a part of, or an extension of his body (some of the smallest things that bring him the most gender euphoria). Taking care of his trans masculine body (taking hormones, having top surgery and cutting his own hair) have been such formative rites of passage for his transition.”

Instagram: samuellukeart



*Eden Leeds (they/he), I HAVE BEEN TAKING CARE 0.1 (Left) and I HAVE BEEN TAKING CARE 0.2 (Right), gouache on paper, 2021*

“My work is mostly inspired by my personal experiences with mental health, gender identity, and modern-day anxieties. I suppose my work is very personal to me because I rely heavily on emotions to encourage creativity, and my life as a trans person evolving into who I always wanted to be is expressed heavily in it. I feel as if these paintings are a part melancholic, part relatable way of tackling with my sense of self-worth and often apathetic attitude towards looking after myself. However, I appreciate it when others can derive their own meaning from my art and share it with me, especially if it brings them some kind of solace or understanding. I like to think of ym art as a safe place to explore and address fears and uncertainties for both myself and whoever is looking at it.”

Instagram: edennnn.l





*Julian (they/them), Untitled, photoshop collage, 2021*

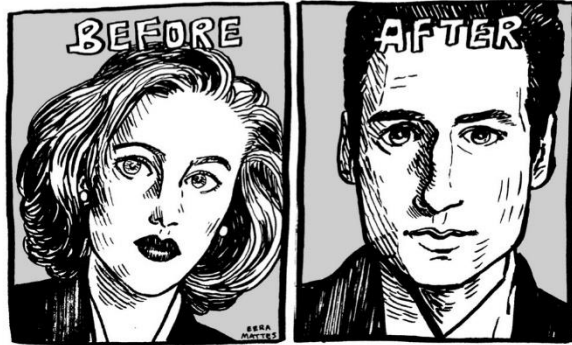
“This collage is about how hormones or surgeries etc. (or a lack of them) don’t make you “more” or “less” trans, your identity is the same no matter how you present.”

Instagram: kahaliaflores

I'M ONE YEAR ON TESTOSTERONE  
TODAY.

I WANTED TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE "SUCCESS"  
STORIES THAT I COULD DOCUMENT THROUGH  
PHOTOS;

WHERE I USED TO BE SCULLY, BUT NOW  
I'M MULDER.



IT HASN'T WORKED LIKE THAT.  
MY SKIN IS BROKEN OUT & DULLER.  
MY HAIR IS THINNER & FLUFFIER.  
I'M HEAVIER & HAIRIER.  
MY FACE HAS CHANGED IN UNREMARKABLE  
WAYS; NOT BETTER IN ANY WAY I CAN  
QUANTIFY.  
BUT MORE ME.

I CAN'T PHOTOGRAPH THE WAY MY ENERGY  
IS LARGER & WARMER;  
THE FREEDOM WITH WHICH I AM  
SUDDENLY ABLE TO GIVE &  
RECEIVE LOVE  
WITHOUT FEAR.



THESE ARE NOT QUALITIES WHICH  
ACCOMPANY BEING A MAN. THEY  
ARE MY QUALITIES.  
I'M UNCOVERING  
MYSELF.

SOMETIMES I DO SEE  
GLIMPSES OF A HANDSOME MAN  
STARING BACK AT ME.  
MAYBE I'LL GROW INTO HIM.



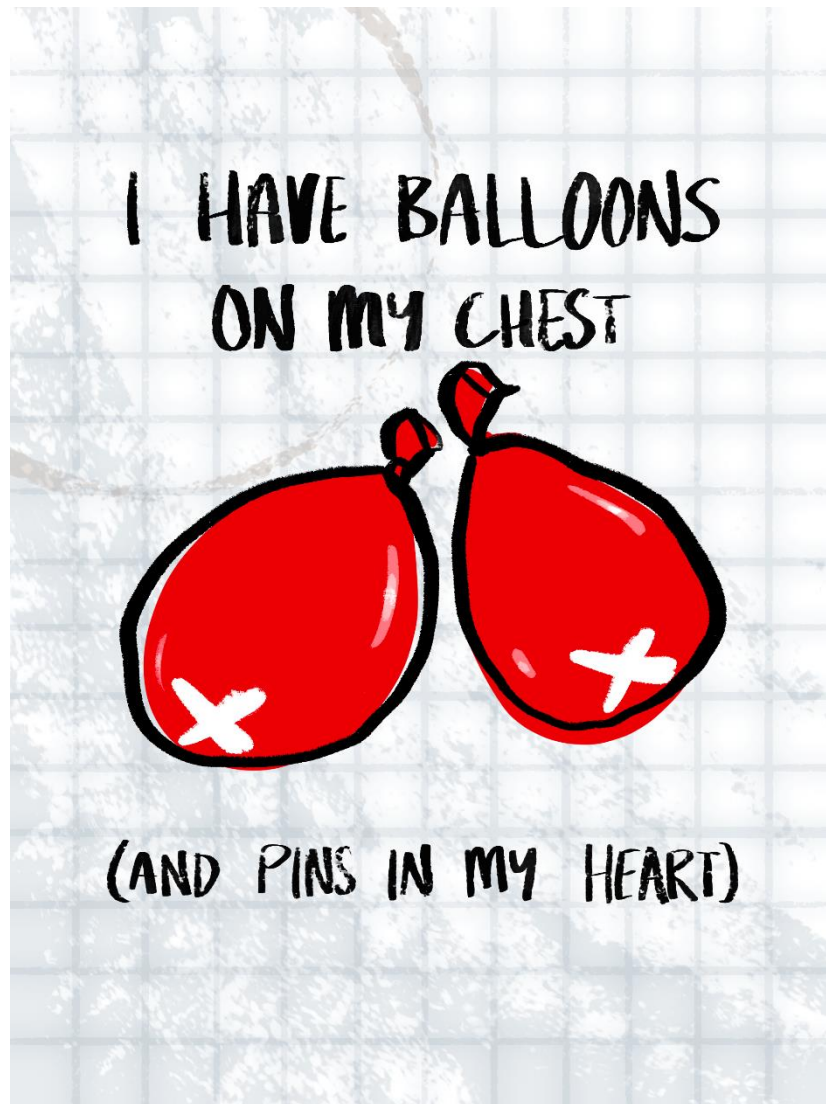
I WANT TO  
BELIEVE

Ezra David Mattes (he/him/his), *The Truth Is Out There / Testosterone Anniversary*, black pen and ink with brush digital grey, 2020

"This is a personal comic I made on the one year anniversary of starting testosterone. I tried taking selfies that morning to make a classic photo comparison, but that was disappointed with my inability to capture how consequential my transition felt. I realised that my journalising that day had an accidental X-Files motif and was inspired to take the day off of fundraising for top surgery to make this comic happen."

Instagram: ezrazone

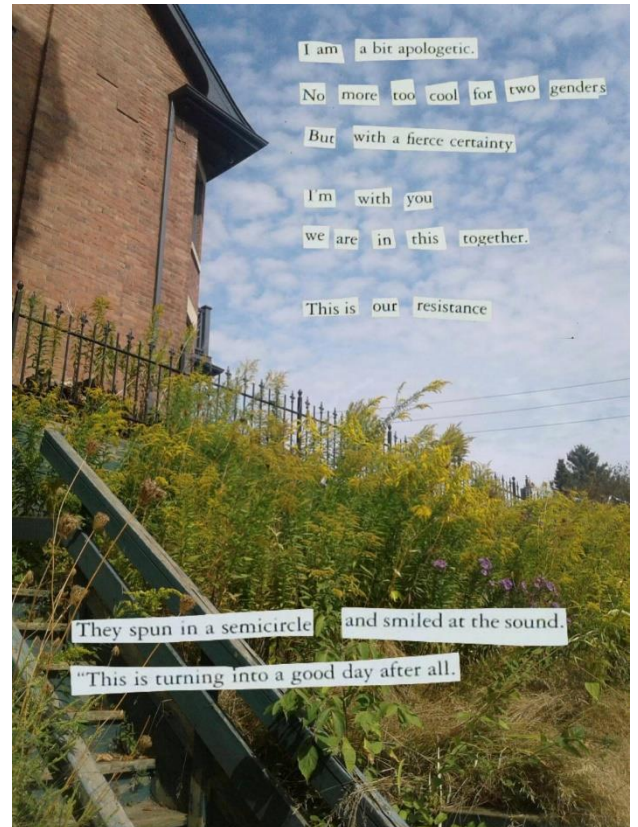
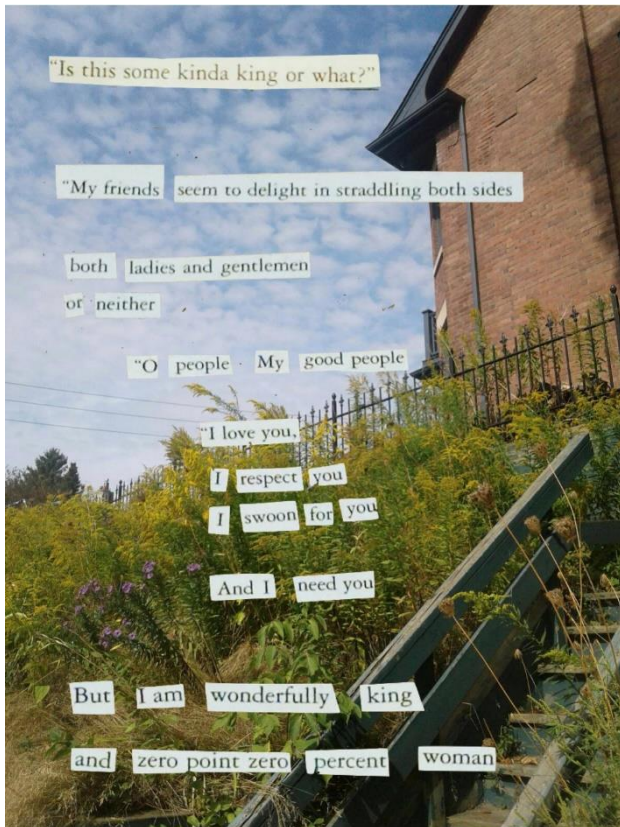
Email: [ezramatteszone@gmail.com](mailto:ezramatteszone@gmail.com)



Aryn Myatt (they/he), 99 Red Balloons, Please Go Bye, digital illustration, 2021

Instagram: arynjae





Aris Keshav (he/they), *Is This Some Kind of King Or What?*, digital collage, 2021

"I've been out as non-binary for a few years, and only recently became comfortable telling people that I'm trans masculine. "Non-binary" felt safer than claiming I was a man - somehow, it was harder for them to deny it or make fun of me. This is my coming-out poem. I love non-binary people and feel enormous solidarity with them, and at the same time, that's no longer an identity that fits me."

Instagram: [ambiance.queer](#)

### **The Gender Envy Generating in Me**

I suffer from this gender envy generating in me  
Stuck in a hall of mirrors reflecting sorrow  
The you-glory of euphoria in the future, guaranteed

Do you see my legal name leering on every marquee  
The turnstile of contentment begged and borrowed  
I suffer from this gender envy generating in me

The emotional tilt-a-whirl in the brilliance of HRT  
Doom takes notes from me and my standards set low  
The you-glory of euphoria in the future, guaranteed

I am ready with jammed go-karts for past's grand prix  
Obsessive circles prove me stuck in spinning, shallow  
I suffer from this gender envy generating in me

Jealousy makes a fool of the disassociated and unfree  
Perhaps I will feel better on tomorrow's tomorrow  
The you-glory of euphoria in the future, guaranteed

Meet me where grief dissolves from childish glee  
The fragment in faggot is everpresent, following  
I suffer from this gender envy generating in me  
The you-glory of euphoria in the future, guaranteed

*Andie Sheridan (they/he), The Gender Envy Generating In Me, poetry, 2021*

## **I Suppose I Mean Printmaking**

I call my insurance company  
the lady struggles to take it all  
in stride when I ask,  
what's the coverage in making  
a linocut of my body?

Printmaking? she asks.  
Is that what you mean?

Yes, I whisper.

She tells me she'll assign a case agent  
to take me through it.  
The journey, she calls it.  
I can tell she's uncertain  
about the wording.

She asks for my deadname.  
I hand it over like my white flag,  
the last blade,  
the way I always do.  
No connivery.

She puts me on hold for a while.  
I think about what the ink, rolled on  
with tiny brushes, will make me.  
How if everything goes  
well, my body will be stripped  
line by line. Good knifery.  
Hopefully, clean and quiet auras.

The hold music is full of loud areas.

The lady at customer service  
tells me the case agent will get back  
to me in 48 hours.

Her voice tinny on speakerphone  
as she struggles to keep herself neutral.

I am peeling linoleum at all sides,  
hoping someone will get me out  
of this flat block of potential.

Her voice drips linseed oil as she  
bids me well. Is that all I can do for you,  
she asks.

I'm actively waiting to be broken  
open but there is nothing  
to say to strangers who see blank  
as a blessing. Yes, I say.  
I wish her a good day  
and hang up.



### **He Envied the Boy in the Water**

Let me tell you a secret about the healing of water: it can free you. (Let me free you.) He saw this and looked down at that once-twice face; how it molded to the ripples and wrinkles of flesh. He wanted that body instead of this feminine form and the way it dropped over his reflection, swaying double-weights eclipsing everything good. He could envision a better now in the depths of the pool. And who can blame him, whether he fell in or whether he jumped? The prescription of first-fresh air instead of drowning made sense to everyone except Narcissus. Or maybe it makes sense to you, too. (That body, it dropped--whether in fresh drowning or you, too.) Let me tell you about how he couldn't look away from the mirror and its pale promises, reeding with the fish. In the wake, lilies opened in crystalline boyhood.

*Andie Sheridan (they/he), He Envied the Boy in the Water, poetry, 2021*

"I am interested in writing about future manifestations of the self and ever-increasing hope that the body I am creating will be one I am happy in. Though metaphor I build a poetics that strives even through dysphoric discomfort to find optimism."

Instagram: [becomingandie](#) and [transchivalry](#)



*Shiri Nassi (photographer, they/them) and Imbi (the subject, they/them), Imbi Post Chest Surgery, photographs, 2021*

“Shiri Nassi is a non-binary trans boy taking photos on stolen Eora land. Often frustrated by the limitations of language Shiri turns to photography to achieve their queer existence.”

Instagram: [dj\\_trancegender](#) and [42069mm](#)



Rowan Taylor (they/them), *Dysphoria*, collage, 2020





*Rowan Taylor (they/them), In Stitches, sculpture created out of cardboard, drink cans and paper mache, 2020-2021*

“As an artist I am to create a voice for a community so often spoken over. I primarily use collage, painting and stitching as a way of communicating some of my turmoil and anger at the state of trans healthcare in the UK as well as some more personal themes of anxiety.”

Etsy: RowansPrints

### **Pre-op**

A boy is a sword. A boy is  
a slim hint of ink. A  
boy is a well-tailored suit.  
A boy is anything other than

his body. Burn your bones hard, the philosophers say,  
bury them deep -- do you have the skin  
you were taught to make? The years

slither: rivers  
in plate mail maggots  
riding to war.

Maybe you'll be born even after  
all the princes went to slaughter.

*Marion Apollo Deal (he/him/ze/hir), Pre-op, poetry, 2020*

**dead names**

*plague*

there is little I haven't promised to a name on a page  
dead names  
deads' names  
deadened names  
writhing in the great frail trunk of chafing paper

fat sectioned letters with five or more hearts pumping  
names squealing out of the rain-choked soil like  
plague worms

moses didn't have a name in the end  
every time he visited a sickness upon a people  
he divested himself

*queer*

well they know my body will change until it meets the grave  
and all that's left will be the names that creep below the skin

*Marion Apollo Deal (he/him/ze/zir), Dead Names, poetry, 2020*

"I write things. That's a bit of tautology, given the poems out here, but it's also a disclosure of the most important thing in my life; telling stories. The things I wrote knew I was trans a lot longer than I did, and now that my writing and I are on the same page, the work has really begun. Writing is a process of discovery just as much as transition is, and as my body, my names, the way I love change, I want words to be there to interrogate it all with me. The way art creates stability through its ceaseless questions is constant. I hope that these poems, as processes of discovery, might provide the stability of a moment of story for others too."

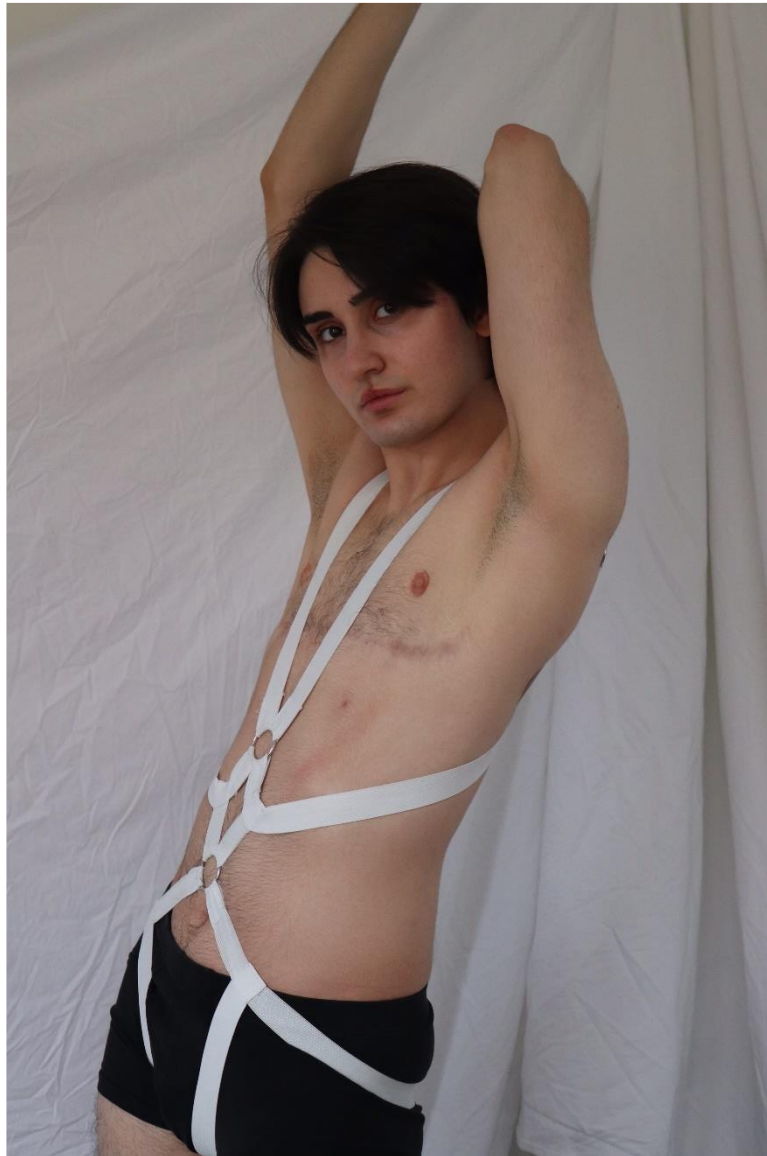
Instagram: m.apollo.deal

Facebook: Marion Apollo Deal





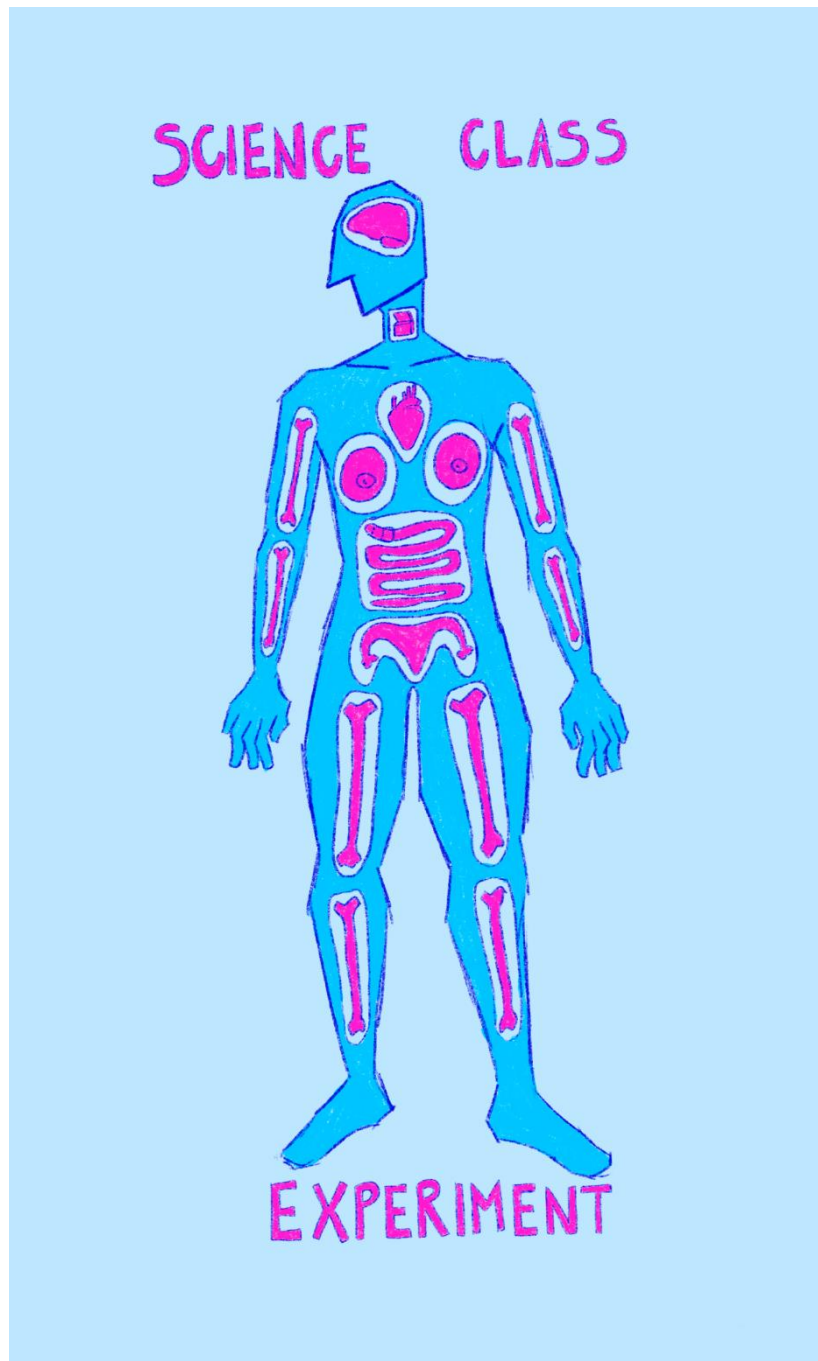
*Toby Austin (he/they), Emcee, photography, 2020*



*Toby Austin (he/they), Emcee, photography, 2020*

“These are photo extracts from a textiling project under the brief of 'environment' in which I pursued exploring trans culture and Judaism! Dimitri models a handmade elastic harness based on the wardrobe of Cabaret, made to accentuate his top surgery scars and celebrate the perseverance of trans and Jewish bodies and stories throughout time. Transness is holy, historic, beautiful, and is owed decolonisation. Always thinking about our connections with our bodies, others, and our land; for Am Yisrael Chai!”

Instagram: [m.apollo.deal](https://www.instagram.com/m.apollo.deal)



Rudy Elias Tomala (he/him/xe/xem), *Dissection Table*, digital illustration, 2021

“Rudy Tomala is a trans masculine printmaker and digital illustrator, focused on visually representing aspects of his transgender identity. Concerned with subjects such as self-perception, medicalisation of transgender identities and wider discourses affecting trans people. In this piece titled “Dissection Table” he draws inspiration from the game *Operation* in relation to constructing his own trans masculine body and representing feelings of hyper exposure that come along with being trans; in terms of cis peoples morbid fascination with trans peoples bodies, what sex they are, what they have etc.”

Instagram: [transrebelcowboy](#)



Howdy again! I want to say another big thank you to everyone who participated, and I hope that you enjoyed reading this zine, please make sure to follow the artists mentioned and support them and support our community. I want to reiterate that I am overwhelmed with the sense of community and belonging that has come from making this zine and being able to connect with so many artists. Thank you for reading and make sure to keep an eye out for future issues!

- Rudy x